Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. Mar. VVhy ſo I did, but lookt for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your
Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
VVhy ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider, (tune:
VVhoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To help thee curſe that poiſond bunchbackt toad.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantik curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q. M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant.
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What 't were to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aierie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt,
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,
Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O pricely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe,
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the ſkie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Look when he fawnes, he bites, & when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their marks on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that *I* reſpect my gracious Lord,
Q. M. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſooth the diuel that *I* warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this an other day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore *Margaret* was a propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, *I* wonder ſhees at libertie.
Glo. *I* cannot blame her by Gods holy mother.
She hath had too much wrong, and *I* repent
My part thereof that *I* haue done.
Qu. *I* neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarance, he is well repaid,